HOW D'YE DO!

A PAGE FOR FATHER TIMES' SMALL READERS.

The Weekly Stories—Original Puzzles Contributed by Miss Willie Roane—Editor's Letter.

Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed;
The meals to get for the men in the field,
The children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned—
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was as wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed."

"Jenny, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down
Kissed her cheeks—"'Twas this, that you were the best
And dearest woman in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day;
And the pain in her head was forgot, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think!" the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed!"

HOW THE TAXES WERE PAID.

The Story of Annie Miller's Enterprise.

With each succeeding year of her widowhood, Mrs. Miller had found the paying of taxes on her small home an ever increasing difficulty, until this year how it was to be done seemed to her a problem beyond her powers of solution.

Her husband had died five years before, leaving her with four children between the age of two and eight years, and no means of support save a small house and two acres of land. The garden which she was able to cultivate herself with an occasional halfday's aid given by some kind neighbor, served amply for the family's needs in that line; then she washed, sewed, or did odd jobs as she could get them, and earned about two or three dollars a week, which had to suffice for other articles of food, clothing, fuel, etc. But with each year the children were growing older and expenses increased, while there was no way of adding to her income, so the raising of money for the taxes grew more and more difficult each summer. It was but five dollars, but that was more than she ever saw at one time except when it had been slowly gathered by small savings and great sacrifices for this special purpose. This year one of her children had been very ill for a wek or two and all her time was devoted to it, and nothing earned, which made the raising of the tax money all the harder. Less than a month remained of the legal limit to secure discount, and as yet not a dollar had been saved. The garden was unusually good this year, producing an abundance of all kinds of vegetables, more than she needed, but there was no market nearer than Hartford, five miles distant, and no way that she could see of getting them there, even if they would sell, which she thought very doubtful. Then her young fruit trees were just coming into bearing, and at least a dozen small cherry trees were laden with luscious looking fruit.

"I do believe there's a bushel of cherries on each of those trees," she said one day as she looked with pleasure at them, for each one had been planted and tended by her. "If it were only possible to get fifty cents a bushel for them, how easy it would be to pay the taxes," turning to Annie, her eldest, a stout girl of thirteen, who was beginning to share her mother's cares and labors. "But," she added dejectedly, "there's no use talking; there's no one to buy them if we had hundreds of bushels instead of a dozen."

"How do you know, mother?" Annie said earnestly, "how can you be sure they wouldn't buy them in Hartford? Surely every one isn't supplied there."

"Possibly not, but how are we to get them there? And who is to sell them?"

"Just let me try. I could get Mr. Flint's old John; you know he is so steady I could drive him safely enough, and I know I could find some one to buy them after I got there." Annie was all animation immediately over the scheme, but her mother shook her head.

"I suppose you might do it, but there's a dollar for the team and twelve cents for toll, and you might not get even that amount." "But I could go from house to house and sell by the quart just as any one wanted them," Annie pleaded, "and I'm sure I could get a few dollars that way."

"If I could go myself it might be done," Mrs. Miller said slowly and thoughtfully, "but I've so much work here I must stay and do it or we shall have nothing to eat but fruit."

"Do let me try it, Marmee! I know I could succeed. We'll all pick to-day, you needn't stop work, and Addie (her sister next younger) and I will start early in the morning and try our luck. Do please, let me go," Annie begged.

"If I were sure you would sell even enough to pay expenses, I wouldn't mind, so as to prove what could be done."

Annie felt the half reluctant consent and caught at it eagerly. "Oh, I'll do that sure, even if I have to go down where the children are as thick as huckleberries on the hills, and offer a double-handful for a penny," she said with a laugh.

"Well, if Mr. Flint will let you have old John, you may pick the cherries and see what you can do," Mrs. Miller said, returning to her work.

Annie almost flew over the ground, and in ten minutes was back calling out, "Mr. Flint says we can have the horse for the forenoon for a dollar; so come on Addie and Art and Charlie, hurry up with your baskets and let's see how many we can pick!"

At noon Mr. Flint drove over with his market wagon and left it so that the children could put the barrels in before filling them, and thus save heavy lifting.

"Well, they do look nice, Mrs. Miller," he said, helping himself to a huge handful, "too good to leave on the trees to spoil, but I 'dunno 'bout them sellin'; fruits seems pretty plenty this year; perhaps you'll find the markets full. Well now, I'll tell what I'll do, Anny, seein' its your project, if you can't sell 'em, I'll take a bushel for the use of the team."

"O thank you, Mr. Flint, that is very kind," Mrs. Miller said gratefully, her heart relieved of a load, for she had very little faith in Annie's success.

"But I'm not going to bring any back," Annie declared stoutly; "I'm going to sell all I carry if I have to peddle them out by the handful."

Mr. Flint laughed. "That's the kind er grit, Anny," he said, patting her on the head. "I hope you'll make a big success of it. "I'll bring the horse over at half-past five to-morrow morning."

All the afternoon the children, even to seven-year-old Charlie, worked with enthusiasm, and a merry time they had of it, too, climbing the trees, singing and whistling and calling to each other as they gathered the fruit, lowering to the ground the baskets which their mother emptied for them. Long before night two barrels were filled, and Mrs. Miller advised them to stop work.

"There are full five bushels there," she said, "twice as many as you can sell."

"You just wait and see, Marmee; you don't know what I can do yet," Annie said merrily, climbing upon the wagon wheel and taking a survey of her treasures. "O my, but don't I feel rich! and don't I feel tired though!" jumping down and stretching herself on the grass.

"Come in now, all of you, and have a good bowl of bread and milk; then you must go to bed early so as to get a long sleep and start fresh in the morning."

At six o'clock the next morning they were ready to start. Annie was in fine spirits; a drive to Hartford was a rare treat at any time, and now the great things she hoped to do to help "Marmee" made it doubly enjoyable.

"Well, don't get discouraged, child, if you cannot sell them," her mother said, fearing her happy little daughter would return with drooping head and tear stained cheeks.

But Annie's high spirits were not to be dampened by any foreshadowing of defeat.

"I'm going to sell them," she declared, "if I have to go through the streets like this"—and she caught up a double handful of cherries and holding them out sang in her clear, young voice, 'Cherries are ripe! cherries are ripe! Come and get them for a penny.'"

Then dropping them she caught up the rein, started old John and drove off.

"Don't you worry, Marmee," she called back, "I'll bring you two dollars if no more."

Mrs. Miller watched them until they passed over the hill a quarter of a mile away, where Annie and Addie turned and waved their handkerchiefs to her, then went slowly back to her work with a half sigh.

"She's a dear, good child," she said to herself; "I don't suppose there is a grain of hope she'll make a dollar, but it is worth everything to have her so willing to try and help me."

Most mothers would have feared to trust a girl of thirteen to drive to the city, and certainly would not have dared allow her to do as Annie proposed doing; but Mrs. Miller had been compelled to put more responsibility upon her little daughter than most girls five years older are able to bear, and had learned that she could be trusted anywhere. Yet the mother waited with some little anxiety for their return.

Old John was as slow as "molasses in winter," as Annie often said, and only by great exertion could he be urged out of a walk; so Mrs. Miller knew that an hour, or even more, for travelling each way would be but a fair allowance of time, and if Annie peddled out the fruit, as she proposed, two or three hours more would be required, so that she could not reasonably expect them before eleven at the earliest. But at half-past ten there was a loud, merry "whoa" in front of the house, and looking out Mrs. Miller saw the two girls jump from the wagon and run up the walk.

"Back all right, Marmee," Annie called as she met her at the door, "and not a cherry 'brung' back." "Now just sit down and let me show you what I've got," pushher mother gently into a larger armchair. Then tossing her hat on a table she drove down into her pocket and began to rattle the change into her mother's lap.

"There, I believe that's all," fishing up the last dime, and dropping on her knees she began to count. "There's the twelve cents you gave me for toll; then there's five,—ten,—twenty,—forty-five,—seventy,—ninety-five,—one dollar, for the horse. Mr. Flint can have the money; no Hartford cherries for him," she added archly. "Now let us see how much we have; ten,—twenty,—thirty-five,—fifty,—one dollar; twenty-five,—seventy-five,—two dollars and twenty-five! There now, that's better than nothing, isn't it?" looking up triumphantly into hed mother's face.

"Yes, indeed! you've done finely, much better than I expected," and Mrs. Miller's face dropped its look of care and hard work for the moment and lighted up with pleasure.

"But I've got a little more," Annie said with a mischievous smile, catching the purse Addie had slyly drawn from her pocket, and opening it tossed a dollar bill on the pile of change. "There, how is that."

"What, a whole dollar more?" her mother exclaimed, "why that is splendid, Annie!"

"And how is that?" and Annie tossed a two dollar bill on the pile this time.

"Why, why, Annie! surely you didn't get all that!" Mrs. Miller's hands went up in astonishment.

"Yes, I did!" Annie cried joyously. "Why, that is three, five, six dollars and thirty-seven cents for those cherries—enough to pay all the taxes. O, Annie it is too good to be true," and tears came into her eyes

"Then what will you say to this?" and Annie carefully smoothed out a five dollar bill top of the others. Mrs. Miller was for a moment too astonished for speech. She looked from the money to Annie and then back again, as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses.

"But, Annie, surely you didn't get all this for the cherries?"

"Yes, I did!" Annie cried joyously. "You blessed, blessed child! who could have believed it possible?" and Mrs. Miller drew Annie into her arms and kissed her with overflowing eyes.

It was several moments before either could speak, then with a suspicious little sniff Annie told her story.

"Well, you see, Marmee, we started out on Church street, and I called at each house on both sides of the street, then up Trumbull and down Chapel. I sold at more than half the places; sometimes only one quart. I got twelve cents then; then four took two quarts and a pint for a quarter, two took four quarts for forty cents, and one a peck for seventy-five cents. Then I came around to that large grocery corner of Trumbull and Main, and the man there was ever so nice; he said they were the best cherries brought in this year; he took two bushels and gave me that five dollars. O, but didn't I feel rich! I wanted to just dance up and down there on the sidewalk. The man told me I was a nice marketwoman and my mother ought to be proud of me. I pocketed the compliment with the money," Annie added archly, "but I thought the five dollars would go farther in paying taxes. Then we went along North Main street until we came to another grocery, where the man offered two dollars a bushel for all we had left. It was after nine o'clock and getting pretty warm, so I thought probably I could not do better, and I let him have them. There weren't quite two bushels, so he gave me three seventy-five. There, don't you think that will do for a beginning?"

"Why, Annie, it's too wonderful to believe!" her mother said, her eyes still wet and her lips trembling. "We haven't had so much money in the house at one time since your father died."

"Eh! hoho, Annie; back I see," Mr. Flint called out at the back door. He had seen old John at the gate and came over for him. "What succes, eh? I see the barrels are empty."

"Of course they are," Annie answered merrily. "See if I don't know what I was about," and she pointed to the money in her mother's lap. "Here's your dollar, and much obliged for the horse. And we've got over ten dollars besides."

"Whew!" with a prolonged whistle. "Well, well! I never seen the beat of that."

"That's because you never had a girl to go to market for you," Annie rejoined merrily.

"Well, I declare, Mis' Miller, it does beat all! but I'm jest as glad as I can be, for you needed it I'm sure, and it's worth a fortune to have such a girl."

That was the beginning of better days for the little family. Not that they made ten dollars every day by Annie's unusual financial abilities, but they tided over hard places and helped to many comforts. Annie repeated her experiment many times that summer—once more with cherries and a few string beans and peas, later with other garden stuff—usually making two trips a week, until some of the families and markets came to know the enterprising little marketwoman and always bought of her. Sometimes the trip only netted them a dollar or two, but at the end of the season they footed up fifty dollars clear gain. "And I'll make it one hundred next year," Annie said, but how she did it is another story.—Exchange.

Our Mirror.

Do you look for wrong and evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.
—Alice Cary.

"Don't Mention It."

A very sweet little story is told about a niece of Bishop Phillips Brooks.

The child was three years old.

Her mother was preparing her for bed, when she had a call down stairs; as she was about to leave the room, she said:

"Dear, say your prayers while mamma is gone."

When she returned she asked the child if she had said her prayers. The little one replied:

"I did and I didn't."

"Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the mother.

"I told the Lord I was very tired, and couldn't say my prayers; and He said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

A Boy Hero.

An exchange relates a noble deed of a brave Southern lad during the late war:

The day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's brigade occupied Marye's Hill, and Sykes' division lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and the agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head; the skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me, I'll try it."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I cannot refuse. God protect you! You may go."

"Thank you, sir." And with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprang over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He came back at night to his bivouac, untouched.

TWO IN A CRIB.

The Very, Very Little People's Story.

"Oho, brother Richard, the sun's very high?" called mamma, on her way to the bath-room.

Evelyn turned over in her pretty brass cot and yawned. She knew very well what this quotation from Mother Goose meant, for mamma generally roused her lazy little girl in some such merry way in order to put her in a good humor at the start.

Sometimes this plan succeeded, and sometimes it didn't; to-day it didn't. Evelyn lay still, and watched the ladder of sunshine made by the light coming through the half-open venetians, and wished she was a "big lady," so she could lie in bed all day.

But when mamma came back from the bath her tone was quite different. "Get up, Evelyn, at once," she said, and passed through the nursery without another word.

There was still time for a brisk little girl to get dressed before the prayer bell rang, but our little girl quarreled with the tangles in her hair, with every button on her shoes, with all her hooks and eyes, and so she was too late for prayers. This meant going to bed a half-hour earlier that night.

"Mr. Alexander," said mamma, serving the coffee-urn while she spoke, "are there any gypsies about?"

"Gypsies? What makes you think so?"

"Well," said mamma soberly, "I've heard stories about gypsies changing little children in their beds and I think somebody has changed mine. I put a dear little daughter to bed last night. She said her prayers, gave me twenty hugs and kisses, promised to be a good girl to-day, and let me put out the light without a word. But this morning the little girl who woke up in that crib was cross and disobedient; she hasn't kissed me once, and I don't believe she has even said her prayers."

"Oh, that is easily explained," said papa; "you put two little girls to bed in the same crib last night, and the wrong one woke up this morning."

"Two little girls?" exclaimed Evelyn, surprised out of her sulkiness.

"Certainly. Don't you know there were two little girls inside of you? They take turns in looking through your eyes, speaking through your mouth, using your hands and feet. The one who is good and sweet and merry and loving is our dear little Evelyn; the other—suppose we call her 'Neverlyn'—hates Evelyn, and would kill her if she could. But we hope Evelyn is going to drive her out some day, and have her crib, and her eyes and mouth, and her hands and feet, all to herself."

The idea of being two little girls seemed so funny that Evelyn could not help laughing.

"Ah!" said mamma, "that's a good sign, for I have observed that Neverlyn never laughs."

Evelyn quickly forgot that second little girl when she got to school. Dear me! it takes all a little girl's thoughts to remember when the e or i comes first in "believe," and what part of speech "such" is, and how to divide by five figures. But the day-card had "Excellent" written on it, and mamma looked pleased enough when she read it.

"You must have left Neverlyn at home, locked up," she said slyly.

"If I thought she'd help me to say my lesson, I'd take her along," laughed the little girl.

"She never helps," said mamma, shaking her head, "her business is to hinder."

The day went by with quick, silent steps; night took her place, and lighted up the star-lamps, and Evelyn's bedtime came a whole half-hour earlier than usual. It was rather hard on the little girl, for Susy Belt had lent her that charming book, "Lady Jane," to read, and she barely had time to finish her lessons before mamma whispered:

"Bed-time, deary, but don't let Neverlyn know it."

This brought a smile to drive away the coming frown, and Evelyn following mamma upstairs, singing over the Mother Goose rhyme mamma had used in the morning:

"Richard and Robin were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten.
Then up jumps Robin, and looks at the sky,
'Oho, brother Richard, the sun's very high!'"

"Mamma," she said suddenly, leaving the rhyme unfinished, "does everybody go double?"

"Yes, everybody," answered mamma, "as long as they live in this world. Everybody has an evil nature, a Neverlyn, which wants us to be mean and disagreeable, and a better nature which wants to do right."

Evelyn listened soberly, and then mamma tucked her up in the soft white bed.

"Good night, mamma," she said, smiling to herself as the light went out, and the saucy stars peeped in at her, "call me early in the morning, so you won't wake Neverlyn."—Southern Churchman.

ORIGINAL PUZZLES

Sent in by Miss Willie Roane—Solve Them.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

Upper Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. A mineral. 3. Food. 4. To corrode. 5. A letter.

Central Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. A circular body. 3. Consequence. 4. Part of a bridle.

Lower Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. Before. 3. Plants of a woody texture. 4. Even. 5. A letter.

Left Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. Skill. 3. Same as 3 in upper diamond. 4. To tack to. 5. A letter.

Right Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. Anger. 3. Same as 3 in lower diamond. 4. A kind of fish. 5. A letter.

Connections. From 1 to 2, to bombard. From 3 to 4, to indent. From 5 to 6, drunkards. From 7 to 8, to watch.

Centrals. Up and down and across, fruit-bearing trees.

A DIAMOND.

1. In Revelations. 2. Conducted. 3. A mechanical power. 4. Priests. 5. One of the books of the Bible. 6. An action in law. 7. To revert. 8. To petition. 9. In Genesis.

HALF SQUARE.

1. One of U. S. 2. An envoy. 3. A kind of quartz. 4. To lessen. 5. The Goddess of Mischief. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In Atlanta.

ALL AROUND SQUARE WORD.

I.

1. Doctrine. 2. To banish. 3. The first month of the Hebrew civil year. 4. Flushed with success. 5. Same as No. 1.

II.

1. A pleasant odor. 2. A stream of water. 3. A convex moulding. 4. A combination of carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen. 5. Same as No. 1.

Editor's Letter.

Dear Children: I hope many of you will try to solve the admirable original puzzles sent in by the successful competitor in the June contest. They are not only clever, but were neatly and beautifully prepared.

There are now only four more Sunday's until the opening of the contest again, and those eager little ladies and gentlemen who have, for two weeks been writing me for more puzzles must have patience until then. The time will soon slip round. Cordially,

FATHER TIMES.

He knew.

"Where is the Island of Cuba situated?" asked the teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy.

"I dunno, sir."

"Don't you know where your sugar comes from?"

"Yes, sir. We borrow it from the woman next door."

Teacher—What letter in the alphabet comes after H?

Scholar—I don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—What have I on each side of my nose?

Scholar—Freckles, ma'am.